Risky

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Risky

by Ryumako

Summary

What Matoi and Mankanshoku were doing together in that classroom was a blatant violation of school policy.

Notes

This is pretty much what it sounds like. DON'T WORRY -Gama doesn't get "involved" in it.
I wrote the grand majority of this one on my new phone using the Microsoft word app, so if it seems too different (I'm hoping it doesn't) that's why.
I guess I don't really have an excuse for this one, but here it is!

Ryuko held Mako's hand, walking rather briskly with her through the almost deserted hallway. Ryuko had had an open hour, where Mako had actually had a class that she didn't feel was totally important enough to attend all of the time. She had willingly skipped it when Ryuko had asked her if she would during the prior passing period.

It was a spur of the moment thing, an action based on an impulse, meaning Ryuko hadn't planned it out in the slightest. Her main focus was on finding an empty classroom.

"Ryuko-chan," Mako was amused. "Where are we going?"

"Ah!" Ryuko gasped, finally locating the classroom she had expected would be vacant. "Perfect." She dragged Mako into the room behind her.

"Hm?" Mako looked around curiously stepping in after Ryuko. In response, Ryuko then faced her and gave her an intense look that lasted a second, causing Mako to tilt her head. Ryuko then stepped up to her, grabbed her by the wrists, and pinned her up against the closest wall.

"Hey, I-" Mako began. "Mmf!" She uttered before Ryuko connected her lips to hers and began kissing her with energy.

This wasn't something Ryuko had done often. In fact, the spontaneity of it surprised herself as much as it had evidently surprised Mako. In layman's terms, the two girls had recently had their first time together. Ryuko just couldn't get her mind off of it -the way Mako had breathed her name, the way she lost herself in the motion...Ryuko had never felt that way. She needed her again, and she didn't want to wait.

Ryuko slid her tongue into Mako's mouth, humming in contentment at the familiar feeling. At this proximity, she could smell the recognizable perfume she wore, the scent that was so her. She just wanted to drink her up. Mako...

When she heard Mako emit a small moan herself, she moved her hands down her body to hold her hips. She circled her thumbs around her hip bones, her hands feeling just above the waistline of her skirt, slowly making their way up her top. She settled her hands on her ribcage and then broke the kiss simply to gasp a breath. She rested her head against Mako's shoulder, still idly stroking her skin.

Ryuko then brought her lips up to the shell of her ear and kissed at it before nibbling gently, slowly dragging her tongue against it.

"Ryuko-chan," Mako exhaled. "We might...get caught..."

Ryuko brought her head up to face Mako, looking into her eyes. "Do you not want this right now? I mean, we don't have to..."

Mako giggled at her and how much she was blushing, how feverish she was. "Ryuko-chan..."

With that, she surprised Ryuko by grabbing her head and pulling her into another passionate kiss. Just by that action alone, Ryuko easily felt herself get more turned on.

To Mako's surprise, she pulled back again. "Don't feel like you have to just because I'm so...so...like this, right now..."

"You make me feel so good..." She spoke. "I want you too, Ryuko-chan. Right now."

"*Yes*..." Ryuko whispered victoriously as she immediately began kissing her neck again, pressing her body even closer.

Mako began breathing heavier as Ryuko continued to travel up her torso with her hands, her grip firm. She inevitably reached the underside of Mako's breasts, where she stroked her thumbs along their weight. Ryuko sighed against her neck, and then moved her palms to cup them, squeezing generously. This caused Mako to hum a little, but then she couldn't help but giggle a bit simply because boobs.

"Mako," Ryuko muttered, moving her thigh to position it between Mako's legs, even in spite of her skirt. She then brought her head up and touched her forehead to Mako's, looking into her eyes.

"Ryuko-chan," Mako spoke, somewhat mesmerized by Ryuko's eyes and the emotion behind them. They were warm and passionate, similar to the usual fire in them, except notably more loving. Mako always thought the blue was stunning. Ryuko then took her hands out of her shirt and then cupped her jaw with the both of them. Mako watched as her pupils darted down to glance at her lips, and then as her eyes slid shut as she slowly connected their lips once more.

Just by the way Ryuko looked at her, the way she touched her, Mako felt herself grow more and more heated. She took advantage of Ryuko's thigh and started grinding against it, causing Ryuko to deepen the kiss.

The taller girl eagerly obliged and moved her thigh against her, flexing her thigh muscles in the process. Mako squirmed, desperately trying to intensify the friction. Ryuko picked up on this and began rubbing more intensely against her, becoming more deliberate.

Mako then disconnected the kiss, if only to throw her head back to the wall and release a high-pitched moan. "Ryuko-chan, please..."

"What is it, Mako?" Ryuko asked, her eyes trained on Mako's expression.

"I want...I need to..." Mako gasped. "I need to cum!" She blurted out.

"Yeah?" Ryuko breathed.

"Yeah..." Mako whined, hanging her head as Ryuko continued to relentlessly grind her leg against her. Mako was doing her best to move against her as well, but she found herself getting more and more fatigued. Her own legs had begun shaking. "Please," She whispered.

Ryuko found herself startled at this side of herself; she never interpreted herself as so brazen, if anything, she anticipated she would be more on the abashed side when it came to sexual situations (and she definitely was, at first). But with Mako, it just came naturally. A part of

her wanted to seek out submissiveness in Mako, but she quickly realized that she more just wanted to see how much she could make Mako want her.

"Mako," Ryuko huffed, again moving her lips to Mako's neck. "Fuck," She whispered against her skin, barely audible. She then dragged her tongue across her warm skin almost lazily. Her hands had returned to her hips, where she held them as she pulled back again to look into Mako's now hazy eyes.

Her lips quirked into a smile before she spoke, "Come, sit on this desk."

She pulled Mako by her waist, who followed without question, sitting atop one of the desks that had been behind them nearby. She looked up desperately at Ryuko, questioning her intent but also pleading for gratification, though she knew it would come eventually.

Ryuko then kissed her again on the mouth, but this time briefly. She quickly moved on to her jaw, down her neck, and to her collarbone. Mako gripped the edges of the desk, leaning back a little to allow easier contact. Ryuko accepted her invitation, and then kneeled on the floor between her legs. The shorter girl gladly spread her legs a bit further apart to allow her room.

Face level with her crotch, Ryuko then promptly flipped up Mako's skirt, exposing her panties. She brought her hands up to hold her thighs, and then pulled her body closer to the edge of the desk for easier access. Mako scooted eagerly, staring down at Ryuko and biting her lower lip.

She kissed her on the outside of her panties, almost sweetly. "Mako..." She mumbled. "Did I really make you...this turned on?"

"Ryuko-chan, I..." She practically trembled, mostly with anticipation. "Your tongue," She said.

"My tongue, huh?" Ryuko then licked along the edges of her panties, looking up at the brunette to see her reaction. Mako's chest rose and fell visibly, and her blush seemed to have increased. Ryuko decided not to wait any longer.

Gamagoori stalked the halls, on the lookout for anything out of the ordinary or worse -against school regulations. At Honnouji, his position as Disciplinary Committee Chairman was rather literal; Satsuki had exempted him from a standard class schedule to perform his duties. This was also so for the other elites and their respective titles.

Today, Ira was happy to note, was a rather easy-going day with little run-ins (though, he had to admit the occassional conflict did entertain him). He supposed the student body grew tired of supporting their own pointless opposition.

However, there was a point at which the silence warranted suspicion. Keeping this is mind, Ira had neither seen nor heard from Matoi all day, and there was rarely a day in which she didn't give the school another reason to remember her name.

While he wasn't about to go look for her, he did keep a mental note to keep an eye out for her. He didn't have her schedule memorized or anything, but it wasn't as though she was likely to dutifully attend her classes. Promptness was not a part of her insubordinate nature.

Just as he was about to anger himself with thoughts about just how ruthlessly juvenile some students could be, he heard a voice emanate from one of the nearby classrooms. He would've chalked it up to the result of a rowdy class and an ineffective teacher, except he knew most of the rooms in the hallway he was currently in didn't hold classes at this hour. Besides that, the noise itself was odd for a reason he couldn't quite put his finger on. He might've left it alone if it weren't for the fact that the voice seemed to be that of a female, possibly in distress. He decided to investigate.

Still conscious of time, Ryuko simply moved her panties to the side using her left hand, instead of taking them all the way off. She then took one last glance up at Mako, who was still staring down at her intensely, and then premeditavely dragged her tongue up her sex. Mako's breathing audibly hitched, and she held her breath as Ryuko licked her again, this time even more deliberately.

Ryuko continued doing this, flexing her tongue and trailing it up and down, causing Mako to practically begin panting. The taller girl then widened her mouth, covering as much of her sex as her could while keeping in mind her panties were still mostly on, and then began sucking on her labia, her tongue pressed firmly against her. Mako gasped, her knuckles turning white as her breathing became increasingly labored.

Exhausting this method, Ryuko took her right hand from Mako's thigh and used her index and middle fingers to begin fingering her entrance. The shorter girl wasn't expecting this, but was pleasantly surprised. Once Ryuko had begun steadily pumping in and out of her, she again brought her mouth to her sex, this time covering her clit.

"A-Ah! Mmm..." Mako's desperate moaning finally broke through her ragged breathing.

"*Mako*," Ryuko groaned after once again detaching her mouth from her.

"R-Ryuko-chan!" She gasped rather loudly, quickly losing the ability to censor herself. "Don't...don't stop..."

Ryuko then flattened out her tongue, using it to deliver forceful and deliberate taps to Mako's clit. She also continued to work her fingers in and out of her, focusing all her energy on giving Mako the climax she deserved. The shorter girl had wrapped her legs around Ryuko, trying hard not to dig her heels into the small of her back.

Mako was making quiet noises with each short exhale she did, and Ryuko didn't falter. She noticed her thigh muscles begin to twitch, and she even sped her tongue up faster, relentlessly stroking her again and again.

"Ryuko-chan, *yeah*..." Mako's voice was just dripping with an almost uncharacteristic sensuality (Ryuko had never heard her speak in that tone). Her voice was hoarse as she spoke.

"I-I'm so close!"

Ryuko didn't miss a beat as she felt Mako's muscles tense up -inner and outer- with the intensity of her climax, and she continued her actions through the shorter girl's loud, shuddering moan. She had bitten her lip halfway through, trying in vain to be quiet. Once Ryuko was sure she was through, she removed her fingers from her. She then adjusted her panties as well as her skirt, promptly stood up, grabbed her face, and then delivered a powerful kiss.

The kiss might've lasted longer, if the two girls hadn't been startled out of their bubble by the sound of the door shutting.

Gamagoori didn't quite know how to process what he had just seen. It was beyond his comprehension, let alone his expectation. He hadn't known anything about either Matoi's nor Mankanshoku's personal lives, though he did have his vague suspicions. Still, it's not something he ever thought about. He didn't even want to think about it, as he felt there was no need. But now, he was forced to think about it.

How does one go about handling this situation? He didn't want to share with anyone what he had seen. He was scared, yes *scared*, that the two girls might have seen *him* -which is why he was now walking as quickly as possibly down the hallway, because there was to be no running, not in the hallways of Honnouji. It was highly likely they had heard him instinctively shut the door, but if anyone were to find out he saw, he would certainly be branded a pervert based on a real instance this time -not just based on his regalia. But that's where it concerned him the most.

What Matoi and Mankanshoku were doing together in that classroom was a blatant violation of school policy. He had to tell Satsuki, at least.

If it weren't for his own conscience telling him he had to report the violation, it was his unwavering and unflappable loyalty to lady Satsuki and Honnouji academy itself that bound him to the utmost truth in light of policy. There was no way he couldn't, even if it meant his dignity.

Lost in panicked thought, he almost didn't notice the fast-paced footsteps quickly approaching him from behind. He swiftly turned around, only to be startled by a fist flying straight for his face, and no time to dodge it.

"WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!" Ryuko yelled, standing on her toes to try and get in his face. She had delivered quite a punch, as Gama was still recoiling.

"I didn't mean-!" He started before Ryuko attempted to throw another punch, which this time he blocked with his fist. "I hadn't intended to see that!"

"Yeah, right!" She spat. "You're just a fucking pervert!" She was struggling to free her captured fist from his grasp. Mako wasn't there to add any input at the moment, as she had gone to the bathroom to clean herself up.

Ira tried in vain to explain himself, "It's my job to monitor anything suspicious, and when I heard Mankanshoku's voice-"

"Oh yeah, when you heard her make a noise like that you just had to come see, huh?!" She was seething with rage.

Ryuko had then been able to yank her fist free due to his hands being sweaty. "I-I had no idea! Honestly, how was I supposed to-" She threw another punch at him again before he could stop her. "Ow, would you quit that for a god damn second?! I'm trying to apologize-" Another hit, again as he tried to block her but failed.

Just then, Mako decided to show up, done with her trip to the bathroom. She saw Ryuko relentlessly attempting to hit Gamagoori, and made no effort to stop her. Instead, she just stood beside the two and spoke, "Oh, it was Gamagoori-senpai who caught me and Ryuko-chan doing naughty stuff?"

"Mako, doesn't that bother you?" Ryuko questioned pointedly, momentarily distracted as Gama was able to again grab her fist and stop her from hitting him.

"I mean, yeah, but we had already established that he's a pervert." She looked up at him. "With an old man face." She added. He frowned.

Ryuko took advantage of the position and kneed him, quick and accurate, right in the groin. He almost instantly let go of her, moving his hands to cup his new injury, groaning in pain. "Was that necessary?!"

"Yeah!" She yelled. Mako gasped.

"You're going to tell no one," Ryuko spoke lowly. "It's bad enough you got to see." She looked to Mako, who had tilted her head looked at Gama, who was all but lying on the floor. She wrapped an arm protectively around Mako's waist, feeling bold.

Just as they had turned to walk away, Ira spoke up again. "I have to tell...lady Satsuki. What you two did was against school policy."

Ryuko stopped in her tracks and without turning back around she said, "What?"

"What exactly did you expect? You get caught doing something so inappropriate here at the academy, you're going to be punished."

She hesitated, and then turned to face him. "Fine! Tell her uptight ass for all I care," She fumed. "Sure she'll enjoy that mental picture." She smirked. Mako just looked at her, bewildered. Ryuko tightened her hold on her waist. "We're done here."

Gamagoori stood once more, watched the two girls walk off, and then brushed his precious uniform clean. He figured he should've interrogated the two further, but that sounded a lot like pouring salt into the wound.

He eventually decided to just let lady Satsuki handle it.

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